The Indian Stage

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OUR LOOKOUT.

MUSIC ON THE STAGE.

A problem of peculiar importance to students of the Indian Drama is the part which music should be allowed to play on the stage. A foreigner finding himself in an Indian theatre for the first time must be struck with the constant indulgence of the actors in songs, to the usual accompaniment of the orchestra. He would imagine himself to be attending an opera and it must be certainly surprising for him to know, that it only corresponded to the ordinary play in the West. This undue preponderence of music is occasionally found to reach a provoking degree and we are sure it is a circumstance on which the Indian stage cannot by any means congratulate itself. The Indian dramatist is often grieved to see that the achievements of his art are subordinated, at least in popular esteem, to the excellence of the actors' voices or to the merits of the musical pieces interspersed through the play. It is no exaggeration to say that the literary merits of a dramatic composition under notice do not touch the average Indian spectator, who is only loud in his judgment of the relative musical accomplishments of the actors. It is not very complimentary to the critical judgment of the Indian spectator of the drama, but is nevertheless true that he identifies success on the stage, at least in other than comic characters with the actors' capacity for musical entertainment. It is possible to trace the origins of this temperament to certain characteristics of the Oriental mind. The unadorned simplicity of prose does not appeal to the Indian's imagination. There is an innate craving in him for an highly-wrought medium of expression and he must have it, at least in the theatre, whither he comes for amusement and delight.

There is another circumstance characteristic of the Indian Drama which makes the situation more serious. Indian Drama cannot boast of an intermediate medium like the blank verse, which might raise dramatic utterance to a fairly high level of dignity. The dramatist's anxiety to escape from the vehicle of prose leads him on to the ornate artificiality of stanzaic arrangement, or what is worse, he takes refuge under the achievements of another art by calling in the aid of the musical composer. The actors in their turn are forced to conform themselves to the taste of their auditors and they have also a marked weakness—aspiring for musical excellence more than for the graces of the actor's act. A grotesque grandeur is the result—there are songs bursting out on all occasions, every stanza is set to some kind of music, and the dramatic critic is driven to despair being forced to sit out an elaborate musical concert. Poetry is viewed with favour, only when

it is set to music and the actor who contents himself with the mere recitation of a stanza, creates amusement though he might possess all the graces of good elocution.

It is hardly necessary for us to point out that this state of circumstances is a bar to the realisation of *dramatic* excellence in its essence, and the real lover of the drama would certainly long for an audience that is capable of appreciating a good play even if devoid of the attractions of an opera, and a dramatist who would scorn to take undue aid of music, and submit the efforts of his art for entertainment and criticism on their own independent merits. We need hardly add that these remarks have not been prompted by a mere desire of separating art from art,—the drama produces its full effect only by a combination of several arts —but from a strong conviction of the absurdities into which the drama lapses when pandering to the weakness.

Our position will be made clearer when we descend to a few concrete illustrations. It will be admitted that the dramatist must never commit the error of neglecting *naturalness* and *ease* in the conversation of his actors—we are only stating a truism in dramatic criticism. And what is the effect of his indiscriminate and constant use of music on the stage? We are prepared to make allowances for the element of idealisation necessary in all art, but we find it difficult to extend our toleration to any circumstance that would seriouly mar the *naturalness* so essential for successful dramatic presentation. Maidens do not walk in gardens to give an elaborate musical description of the beautiful natural scenery; villains do not plot in song nor do they entertain their companions with melodious renderings of gloomy incidents of crime; sovereigns midst their counsellors cannot afford the time and temperament necessary for sweet musical indulgences: women overtaken by high-way robbers do not rebuke them in song, nor is there a continued expression of music, in a situation full of distress and sorrow. Indiscriminate indulgence in music thus often mars *naturalness* of dramatic presentation and every effort must therefore be made to regulate its use by definite principles, in absolute unison with the essence of the highest dramatic spirit. We hope to set them out in some detail, on a future occasion.

THE THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES OF

MR. P. SAMBANDAM, B. A., B. L.

We draw the attention of our readers to the first of a series of articles appearing in this issue on *Twenty Years Before the Foot lights*, by Mr. P. Sambandam, B. A., B. L. As the premier actor and dramatist of the *Suguna Vilasa Sabha* from its very establishment, Mr. P. Sambandam has a long record of successful dramatic activity to his credit. We are sure that his reminiscences will therefore command the interest of all lovers of the stage in Southeren India. In a country, in which participation in theatrical activity is not looked upon with any great favour, it is instructive and encouraging to see a gentleman of education and position in society associate himself with the stage in such an intimate manner. The story of his dramatic career is so closely interwoven with that of the *Suguna Vilasa Sabha* itself that his experiences are sure to give us a vivid insight into the early days of the institution, the period of trials and struggles. The origins of all institutions are of special interest and the

most authoritative account of the Sugana Vilasa Sabha can only be from the pen of Mr. Sambandam. We look forward with pleasure to the other instalments in the series.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.

BY P. SAMBANDAM, B.A., B.L.

CHAPTER I.

It was a packed house. I remember the very spot almost in the Victoria Public Hall, where my brother and myself sat that night. My father having secured for us reserved seats in the morning, we went just a little before the curtain went up. Having seen some good English performances, and a few representatives of Indian "Street dramas" as they are techinically called, which I loathed then from the bottom of my heart, I went to the hall with a mind prejudiced against the performance notwithstanding the fact that some of my friends had praised the drama previously. But from the moment the curtain went up, my eyes were rivetted on the stage. Now that I could think of it calmly, and judge a little better, I must say that the performance was not specially good, though it was not at the same time specially bad. "Chirakari" was the name of the drama—by no means one of the best of the reportare of the Bellary Sarasavinodhini Sabha that staged it that night. There was only one dramatic incident in the drama—that of a son attempting to carry out his father's orders by cutting off the head of his mother—some how or other that incident did not appeal to my feelings very much then. What struck me most was the make-up of the actors—not that the make-up was particularly good—for even now this Sabha is not specially praised either for the beauty or accuracy of its make-up, but the contrast between what I saw then and what I had seen before of street-strollers, was so very great. Of course I fell in love with the young Princess in the drama—but my love took the form of a very intense desire to act that character myself.

That night I had little sleep. I formed all sorts of plans for starting an amateur dramatic society—and for my acting the young Princess! The future Suguna Vilasa Sabha was conceived by me that night. The next day when I went to my college—I was then a student reading in the B.A., senior class—my first business was to seek my old college friend and good Telugu scholar, Mr. Rama Rayaningar, who had witnessed the performance of the previous night along with me and to ask him to give me all the details of the drama; for "Chirakari" was in Telugu, and I could not follow what was said on the stage very closely. My kind friend went one step further and promised to give me the piece translated in English. You may rest assured that until he gave me the translation, not a day passed without my reminding him of it. My idea was to translate his English translation into Tamil. For some reason or other when my good friend furnished me with his English translation, I was not satisfied with it—not with the translation, but with the drama. In those days when I had youth in my favour, to think was to act. No sooner did I feel dissatisfied with "Chirakari" then I ransacked the whole of the college library for any Indian drama translated into English. I read the volumes of Wilson's Hindu Theatre from cover to cover. Then I came across Monier William's translation of Kalidasa's Sakuntal

This appealed to me most and I at once set about translating it, into Tamil. In the course of a few days I translated four acts of the drama—I still have with me the manuscript of this my maiden attempt.

While I was engaged in the translation of Sakuntala, an afternoon, one Mr. V. Venkatakrishna Naidu, an acquaintance of my boyhood, came to our house with two printed invitations, and gave one each to my two elder brothers. Out of curiosity I asked him what it was about. He refused to tell me what it was about even, remarking that I would make a joke of the whole matter. When I cajoled him into telling me the truth, what was my surprise, when I found that he with some other friends had resolved to start an amateur dramatic society on the lines of the Bellary Sabha, and that the invitations to my brothers related to a preliminary meeting which was to be held for that purpose! He told me that he specially omitted to bring me an invitation, as he knew that I took no interest in such things and as he had previously known what a contempt I had for Indians acting dramas! It took me some time before I could convince him that I was anxious to attend the meeting myself. He gave me an invitation half heartedly and begged of me not to make any fun at the meeting, if I should make up my mind to attend it. I promised to act accordingly. Little did he dream then, how anxious I was about the matter myself and how I had spent days and nights, silently forming plans for the accomplishment of the very object which he and his friends had in view.

The preliminary meeting "for starting an amateur Dramatic Association in Madras for Indians, on the lines of the "Madras Dramatic Society for Europeans" came off in a small room in what was then known as Mr. Zachiai's High School. It was here before the meeting was formally opened that I was first introduced to Mr. Jayaram—a thin looking youth then—the future "first member of the Sabha." I did not speak at the meeting anything. At last the meeting would only be called a qualified success; to begin with it was rather poorly attended, the one or two speakers that spoke of the necessity for starting an amateur Dramatic Society among educated Indians, produced little effect and to crown all, the chairman of the meeting whose name for various reasons I do not propose to mention here—advised us not to start the society, as he opined that it would serve no useful purpose! I had a sweet revenge, when several years after, this very gentleman sent in his application for membership to the Sabha, when I quoted his very words before passing his application.

At the end of the meeting, persons who were desirous of starting an amateur dramatic society on the lines referred to at the meeting were asked to sign their names on a list kept on the chairman's table. Mr. Jayaram was the first to sign the list. It is this which has given him the unique honor of being known ever since as the First Member of the sabba. I too signed my name, and Mr. V. V. Naidu afterwards confessed to me that it was only after that, that he thought that I was serious in the matter. "We are seven" who signed the list that day. Three of them have left this world two have resigned members the sabha, and Jayaram and myself alone are left "to play our little parts," but still I feel with the girl who taught Wordsworth his philosophy that "we are seven."

After this, a meeting of the seven who signed their names was called for on the

1st day of July 1890. We met in the private residence of Mr. Jayaram's father. I was voted to the chair—one of the verv few occasions I had the honor of filling the chair in the Sabha—After some discussion it was resolved to call the Institution the Suguna Vilasa Sabha. The credit of the suggestion of the name must be given to Mr. G. E. S.—that was all his contribution to the work of the Sabha—he did nothing more and he either resigned or was removed from the list some time after. Of course we appointed an Executive Committee—five out of the seven present. I believe it was modesty on the part of the other two, which made them decline the honor of a seat on the Committee otherwise the Committee would have conisted of all the seven! Mr. W. Muthukumarasamy Chettiar, to whom I was introduced at this meeting was elected the secretary—a very practical man; he was the owner of a Printing Press and the first thing which we thought of doing was to print our prospectus. Thus on the first day of July 1890, the Suguna Vilasa Sabha was born—and I began my career as an amateur actor by acting that day the character of the chairman of that meeting.

HAMLET—A STUDY.

By V. VENCATACHAR, B.A., B.L.

The first thing that strikes one on going through the play with some care is that Hamlet is the dominating spirit in the drama, and almost all the other characters are brought in more for the purpose of developing the character of Hamlet and showing him in all his phases than as representing any remarkable individual traits of character peculiar to themselves. The play may be said to be essentially a one-man play. What is there in the character of Hamlet as developed in the drama that it perforce monopolises our attention and makes us love him, admire him, now grieve for him, now pity him but never to despise him or get angry with him. What is there in his character that even in its weaknesses appeals so strongly to our sympathies but never arouses our contempt? The answer, it seems to me, is that Shakespeare with the master-hand that is his has delineated a character intensely human—he touches our deepest chords by describing to us a character not ideal but real—one that vividly impresses us with its reality, whose very imperfections serve to bind him with us in one common bond of humanity. Indeed even the introduction of the supernatural element in the play like the ghost does not make Hamlet one jot less human or less real. But the same master-hand has saved the character of Hamlet from falling into the common-place. Hamlet is nevertheless a hero—endowed with heroic qualities, with noble and pure impulses, a powerful and vivid imagination and with attainments of a very high order. He is "the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observe of all observers." Thus we have a character endowed with all the virtues which heart can desire, placed under peculiarly difficult and trying conditions. A father that he dearly loved suddenly dies under, to his "prophetic soul," suspicious circumstances. The pain is intensified by the indecent haste with which his mother, so dearly beloved of his late father, married his uncle. "The funeral—bak'd meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." The uncle was all that his father was not, who to his filial imagination was the seat of all vitues and kingly attributes—who was to his uncle

like "Hyperion to a satyr." There is an rnborn moral antipathy between this uncle and our hero—indeed it could not be otherwise in the nature of things. Just when his mind highly wrought by grief is fairly unhinged and he is tired of life and regrets "that the everlasting should have fixed his canon against self-slaughter," the disclosure of the foul means by which his father came by his death comes to him in a manner as remarkable as it is unexpected. "O! my prophetic soul! my uncle!" is his first response to the disclosure. He is called upon by his father's ghost in a most solemn and pathetic manner to revenge the murder. The dutiful Hamlet vows a solemn vow that from thenceforth this one idea of revenge shall reign supreme in his mind till it is consummated into action. Here we may pause and take note of the tact that the revenge he vows may not be quite consistent with the highest ethical ideals of man. But judging from the standard of ethics that ordinarily prevails even among us and certainly from the ideals of his times, the attitude he takes up in the matter is by no means blameworthy and certainly does not arouse our contempt. In fact if Hamlet were to have forgiven his uncle with an effort of generosity which no ordinary mortal is capable of, he might at the most answer to the highest ethical andmoral concept of a few, but can scarcely be expected to appeal to the emotions the understanding of the man in the street—and Shakespeare, it must be remembered, wrote for the many and not for the few. "Yea, from the table of my memory," Hamlet says, "I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past that youth and observation copied there: and thy commandment all alone shall live within the book and volume of my brain unmixed with baser matter: Yes! by Heaven!." Here we have a self dedication to a purpose which to him at any rate is absolutely virtuous, nay sacred—that strongly brings forth the heroic element in his character. The sacrifice he is prepared to make in order to fulfil the ghost's commandment is immeasurable. His refined moral nature is highly strong to almost a frenzy of resolve. Life itself is nothing to him in the fulfilment of the ghost's commandment. The greatest sacrifice is still to come—sacrifice of something dearer than life. The love he bore for Ophelia—a love that "forty thousand brothers could not with all their quantity of love make up any sum"—must be sacrificed too if it is going to stand in the way of the accomplishment of what to him is his life's mission. And there is no more pathetic passage in the play than the one in which Ophelia describes to her father the strange behaviour of Hamlet to her (Act II, Sc. i.). Little did she know innocent girl that she was, what agony of heart Hamlet suffered on her account and what mighty effort it cost him to wrench himself away from her once and for all. Why he should have thought that his tender relations with Ophelia should no longer be, it is not easy to understand: except it can be accounted for by the fact that, permeated as he thoroughly was with the one idea of revenge for his father's murder, there was no place in him for other or tenderer emotions. He resolves to "put an antic disposition on," the better to disarm suspicions of his purpose.

One very remarkable feature in Hamlet's character is his extreme scrupulousness of conscience. What constitutes sufficient proof of guilt for working purposes

fails to satisfy him. When the frenzy of resolve which the preternatural disclosure aroused in him has had time to cool down a little, his conscience refuses to allow him to fly at the act of revenge but insits on his having further and clearer proof of his uncle's guilt. "The spirit that I have seen may be the devil. And the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps out of my weakness and my melancholy, as he is very potent with such spirits, abuses me to damn me. I'll have ground more relative than this." But at the same time he cannot help feeling that he is needlessly tardy and "lets go by the important acting of the ghost's dread command." He gets into violent fits of self-condemnation for his neglect. He makes merciless inward searchings and suspects that he is not made of the stuff of action but is of those that "unpack their hearts with words." Twice he goes well-nigh towards accomplishing his purpose and twice is he deterred from it for reasons dictated by a sentiment which does not appeal to the common man.

How to reconcile your fine scruples of conscience with the exigencies of the situation as it arises is exactly the question that has beset many before Hamlet and is bound to perplex many to the end of time. Either your conscience must not be too nice and fastidious or you must despair of coping with the situation in the way best to your material advantage. When a highly refined moral nature is confronted with a situation in which it is called upon to act promptly foı its very existence, and the very qualities that are extolled in such nature stand in the way of such prompt action, there arises the real tragedy of life. The character of Hamlet as developed in the drama eminently illustrates this tragedy of life. "The time is out of joint" says he—"O ! cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right!" Again, "How all occasions do inform . . ." (Act IV, sc. IV.) To a man of highly refined moral sensibilities is set the task in which promptness may mean sacrifice of conscience and he naturally chafes under it. The result is that he wavers and wavers and often fails where one of grosser sensibilities and a rough and-ready disposition would succeed—at least as failure and success are understood generally. This is a grave irony of circumstance and makes a tragedy of many a promising life. The lesson of all that Hamlet's career and end teach us is that human nature is encompassed with ever so many limitations and and he is the really wise man who without lowering his ideals takes care not to lose sight of the actual limitations he labors under and tries his best to harmonise the ideal with the actual. This adjustment and harmonisation of the ideal with the actual is the great problem of thinking humanity, and that the solution thereof is fraught with the greatest difficulty will be clear from the fact that very few of the so called successful men of the world can come unscathed out of the strictly ethical or ideal test and perhaps as few of those endowed with the highest idealism can pass the practical or actual plot.

Another lesson that Hamlet's career and end sadly teach us is that there must be a proportion in thought and feeling even in respect of the most commendable of purposes, and if they be allowed to over, master you in an undisciplined manner your life is surely wrecked. Any careful reader of Hamlet will not fail to see that Hamlet's purpose could have been as well if not better achieved without making

the many tremendous sacrifices that he felt called upon to make and without even lowering much his moral ideal. But the fault in Hamlet's nature was that he had an over-vivid imagination which would not make him rest once an idea had got possession of his mind. It becomes so all-absorbing and out of all proportion prominent that it leads the mind easily into imagining that more sacrifices are called for than are at all necessary for its accomplishment. It rarely stops there. It disturbs the balance of the mind and ends in unhinging it altogether. This balance or poise of spirit is the attribute of a very highly evolved and cultivated nature and carries with it an easy and dignified superiority over changing circumstances. Hamlet could, had he only possessed a less excitable imagination, have saved himself and others a catastrophe so awful to contemplate. How easily he with his virtues and accomplishments could have gathered a large following, and deposed the villain from his ill-gotten throne and could have gloriously sat on his father's throne to the delight of his loving subjects. Justice would have been vindicated and in a very unexceptionable manner. It is at this stage of our reflections that we find facing us in all its awe-inspiring grandeur the working of the natural law, regardless of the sufferings of individuals and without any exception—the law of cause and effect in all its manifold bearings. Nobody acquainted with Hamlet's character with any degree of intimacy, with all its loveable and admirable qualities would predicate for him the sad end he comes to: nobody would have the heart to conclude that he deserved it. But the seed of his sad future and end is unfortunately in his character and as surely as death itself must that seed bear fruit in the fulness of time. No matter that there are a thousand other extenuating virtues which to our limited vision appear to amply make up for a few inherent defects. Nor does it matter that the individual cannot, by even a sketch of language, be said to be really responsible for those defects; nor again that they are brought out only by force of circumstance over which he has no control all the same, there is the cause, the result is inevitable. It may appear a blind law, for it is beyond your vision, an irrational law for it is above your reason, a merciless law for there is no room there for the play of human sentiment. But all the same it is a scientific law—the law of Karma as enunciated by the Hindu sages. Every thought, word and deed of yours, which in their time are the result of multitudious causes that stagger and defy human grasp, are bound to produce their effect, to leave their mark on your character, to give a tendency to your career. There is no counteracting the law, no escaping it, no postponing its operation. As the plot of this drama is laid before you and the tragedy marches to its appointed end, you are profoundly impressed and almost overpowered by the idea how with dread certainty the law operates in all affairs of life. In fact that is the purpose of a tragedy—to set you seriously thinking on the great problem of life and existence, the immutable laws governing us, relentless in their operation, the limitations besetting human nature—all which do not occur to you in your ordinary transactions of life or occurring fail to rouse your mind to grapple with them and attempt a sort of solution. "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." This observation

of Hamlet is even truer of the great problems of life that our every day experience discloses than of the supernatural occurrence in connection with which it was made. Little do we dream that the least of our actions is fraught with far-reaching and mighty consequences.

There is still one more thing I should like to say about the character of Hamlet. The character as delineated in the play has peculiar claims to the sympathy of the Oriental mind. We of the orient have been often characterised as dreamers and there is some truth in the remark. It constitutes, as so many other qualities in the world, at the same time our pride and our bane. We have less of that sturdy and earnest practicality, of that temper which approaches theories of life with suspicion and welcomes the process of cutting the Gordian knot so eminently characteristic of the westerner. The oriental on the other hand is unable to work out summary solutions of life's problems, must needs dwell on them and try to contemplate all their interminable bearings and seek to regulate present conduct in the light of such laborious thinking This, is the secret of the fascination Hamlet exercises on us. Thus, despite the consciousness that Hamlet is very far indeed from answering our conception of the ideal man, we are drawn to him in a remarkable manner which can only be explained by the fact that not a few of us have our share of the shortcomings of Hamlet and naturally the contemplation of Hamlet's character strikes a sympathetic chord in us all. There if any where, do we find the consummate art of the artist who "holds the minor up to nature."

And so as the curtain falls, we take leave of Hamlet, sadder and wiser men, with mixed and almost indescribable feelings, with heavy-laden hearts going out in pity and sympathy to the proud spirit, which placed in unfortunate and uncongenial surroundings crushed all its promising future against a purpose which to grosser and less endowed natures would have seemed easy enough of accomplishment, but which so jarred against all its finer sensibilities that it ended in ultimately to wreck king altogother. We cannot help sending up a fervid prayer to Heaven that there may not be born another Hamlet in the world so great and so unfortunate.

THE HISTORY OF INDIAN PAINTING.

The following is the report of an address by Dr. Coomaraswami on the above subject :

Dr. Coomaraswami commenced by saying that he would take his hearers through the various periods of development in the history of Indian painting one after another. The earliest collection was that of the Aganta caves, which covered a period extending from the 1st century B. C. to the 6th century A. D. the classic period so to say of Indian painting. This was the largest mass of ancient painting in the world, being older than all mediæval paintings save the Pompeii ones ; and it was far more important than the Pompeii paintings on account of the spiritual significance underlying it. A feature of this school of painting was the reproduction, of the dark type, the normal type, a feature that could be met with nowhere so well save in Egyptian painting. Another feature consisted of the remarkable colour contrasts, produced by depicting different types of skin, white, black, brown, yellow

etc. The prevailing theme of these paintings was the Life of Buddah and his incarnations. This school, it was needless to say, was essentially Indian in its character. The first picture was from the Hansa Jataka, and it depicted the Bodhisatva, the incarnation explaining the law to Raja Hansa who might be seen seated upon his throne. The next depicted another detail—a number of geese driven into the lotus pond by the servants of the king. The third was from what was known as the Banyan tree Jataka, and while it represented a sort of hunting scene, it reminded all of the old story when lots were cast amidst the deer to serve as the daily sacrifice for the chase or the king's table, and it fell to yonder royal antelope, the monarch of the deer. Buddha is seen in one of his incarnations, to approach the king in person and discourse on the law to him. He might be seen doing that so very expressively to the king, who was in his chariot of the chase, and had the umbrella over him. 'The fourth picture was a very beautiful detail, tender as well as serene, sweet as well as simple. It showed a mother presenting, and introducing her child to the Buddha. All these were Agenta pictures, and it was being tried nowadays and with success to have copies made of them in the caves in order to introduce them to the public at the Exhibitions. The fifth picture, which was very beautiful, though less definitely religious, represented a king seated on his throne with a couple of attendants behind him. It was remarkable for the wonderful treatment of gestures, which was to be found only in early renaissance and mediæval painting or in contemporary Japan. The next picture depicted these hand outlines and tracings in greater detail. The seventh of these alkaline tractings stood for a group of dancing girls, and there was the same suggestiveness, the same expressiveness of gesture. The eighth drawing consisted of certain frescoes from Sigri, a cave in Ceylon; and it was similar in sentiment, style, head-dress, jewellery, etc. This fresco reminded us of the immensity of our ancient civilization. A little accident might have destroyed all present evidence of this school of painting, contemporary with the growth of the Agenta caves,—the discovery of the solitary cave in Sigri, 2,000 miles apart, approaching the Agenta paintings so closely in manner and expression. The next depicted a majestic figure, which showed beautiful head treatment. The tenth now arrived at the period when there was a gap in the history of Indian painting, the period from the 6th century A D. to the 15 century, which saw the rise of a new School of Art. The work of the period consisted of writings on papers and walls, and in manuscripts—specially Bengali and Nepalese Buddhist manuscripts. The picture before the meeting reproduces the leaf of a book and the pictures inside it, and was to be found most commonly in the *viharas* of the Maha-yana Buddhists. The eleventh came up to the two great schools of mediæval India, the Rajput and the Mughal, the two later schools so to say of Indian painting. The Rajput school of North India represented a much later stage in the history of the Art. While it preserved the finest qualities of the classic school, it told just enough to show that the zenith of Indian painting lay between these two classic and mediæval schools, and was nearer to the former than to the latter. The Rajput school was to be found in only a couple of

districts as it were Rajputana, notably, Jaipur, and the Punjab, Himalaya, of which the chief is the Kangra valley, specially Dharmashala. The twelfth illustrated the continuation of the Buddhist influence. In it might be seen Bhishma lying where he fell on his bed of arrows, the Shara Sheyya, at peace with all conflicting aims and differences. The next represented the Divine cowherd (a picture to take note of) with Balram and his cows. The unity of feeling is beautiful in this picture. One thought is apparent in the minds of all the members. The next picture belonged to the 'Lyrical' group out of the three broad divisions (Epic, Religious, Lyrical) to be found in the Rajput School. The best of the lyrical poductions were the representations of the Rags and the Raginies.

The present picture represented the Tori Ragini which was almost pre Raphaelite in effect. The best features of the Jaipur style are to be seen in this Rajput series of the Raginies. Mark how the silver was used to reflect the water, and the angular depression of the lake border. The landscape too had all the delicacy of the earlier Italian. The fourteenth picture represented another Ragini, the *devata*, the divinity and not merely the emotion of the Rag. The fifteenth was the Malar Rag, that which calls down the rain, and the divinity was seen on a little island in the lake sitting under a tree amidst flowers and birds with the sky overcast with dark clouds. That it was a *devata* might be from the lotus seat which marked its semi-divinity by separating it from the ground. The sixteenth picture was rather a curious one, inasmuch as it depicted that defunct practice of ancient Brahma-worship, which was no longer observed to-day. The next was an illustration of that devotion to night scenes, and to those contrasts of light and shade which characterized this school of painting. Here we saw depicted Baz Bahadur of Malwa and Rupamati. The eighteenth also illustrated the same fondness for night effect and the same dramatic contrast of light and shade. It was that of the golden rain, which the three girls in the picture were showering towards its side. The nineteenth illustrated these two characteristics most fully, and was Rembrandt-like in its effect. Indeed Rembrandt himself was much influenced by Oriental painting and these two were characteristics of that school. The next depicted the *Shiva Ratri Puja* where a princess with her two *sakhis* was pouring water on the Lingam, from which ran a little stream towards the corner, which was the river Ganges. The sky was moonlit, and the atmosphere was full of mystery, on account of the element of devotion so well wreathed into the picture. The next was characteristic of the real indigenous painting of the country which seized all sorts of subjects for its use; and it depicted a soldier, apparently a Mussalman who had seized a moment to absent himself from the camp to visit the Sanyasini in the picture and to listen, while her attendant played music on the Vina, to her discourses. The night scene all around was reflected by the little fire that has been lit before the Sanyasini in the centre. The next showed Kabir the great poet and reformer. The next represented another *Shivopuja* scene where three Sanyasinis were doing worship in the midst of garden scenery. The twenty fourth depicted a group in which the Yogi and the Sanyasini towards the head of the group doubtless stood for Shiva and Parvati, and thewhole group represent-

ed the Holy Family. The beautiful *motif* of the picture might be seen in the atmosphere of peace surrounding it, where were seen the lion and the lamb lying down together, in all the primal placidity of their nature in the presence of these holy forest dwellers, the serene simplicity of whose life was well brought out, by contrast, by the faint heavenly mansions, the palatial buildings, seen shining in the distances. The twenty-fifth, an illustration of a Hindu lady, brought out well the feminine type, the pure type of Hindu beauty, which characterises this school and in which it had achieved for greater success than in the masculine. The faces of the women in India were idealized more than those of the men. This might be due to the less frequent publicity accorded to them, to the less familiarity the painters had with their subjects. Indeed women in India therefore, had a greater hold on the imagination, and exercised more power than they ever would otherwise.

With the next picture, we come to the other great indigenous school, the Kangra School, of mediæval Indian painting. This represented the Yogamaya and the dance of Shiva, and brought out into sharp differentiation, the personalites of Purusha and Prakriti or Sakti. The former was engaged in the dance of the universe, the latter sat indifferent, gazing at her own loveliness in a mirror. The scene was remarkable for its brilliant colouring, with its chorus of gods on the left and the ganas and the gandharvas to the right while the white circle of the Himalayas spread right round the picture, and one might mark the golden floor of Kailas and the green plains of Hindustan beneath. The next was a large detail, which showed the *Shiva Tandava* and the exquisite movements of that fateful dance. The twenty-eighth, which belonged to the same school also represented the Holy Family, and all the peace and mystery that surrounded it. The next was particularly serene and sweet, being called 'The Bride.' There beneath the fleecy snow-white cloudless, might be observed the sleepy female attendant opening the door of the bridal chamber, to which the elder lady was gently leading the young bride, who seemed all full of shyness and timidity. The thirtieth, which was an outline drawing, represented the Swayamvara of Damayanti who was being carried on a palanquin all round, with the Jayamal borne by an attendant of hers. Then there were the five Nalas in front and the group of suitors all over the picture. The next, which was most poetical, and which lost much in photographic representation, depicted the return of Krishna with the cows. The beautiful figure of Krishna was specially remarkable. The thirty-second was another outline drawing of the same *swayamvara*, where were shown the departing group of rejected suitors, and the gods congratulating Nala on his bride before they departed on their cars. The next was an illustration of what was to be found less in Hindu painting than in others, but was still not utterly absent—the power of portraiture, and the representation of personal features. This one depicted some hill chieftain, and might be as late as the early 19th century.

Next Dr. Coomaraswami came to the next great school of Indian painting, the Mughal school. It was seen that in the Hindu schools which spread over a period of more than 2,000 years, there had been a long course of development in which the Rajaput and the Himalayan school con-

tinually showed signs of Buddhist influence. The Mughal school, though also founded largely on indigenous painting, had yet some marked differences and was remarkable for its rapid rise and as rapid decline. It existed for only two centuries from the seventeenth* to the nineteenth. In this school, we can assign within twenty-five years the probable date of any picture, the different periods being so strongly marked in development and characteristics. The school chiefly began with Akbar who was its great patron and employed numerous Hindu painters but the Persian scenes illustrating the Shahnamas, etc., of the period let its distinctiveness to the school. A large section of this school belonged to the early Mughal or the Indo-Persian, which took up Hindu subjects and treated them in its own way. The first picture on the canvas represented the Persian translation of the Yoga-vashishta. The same strong Hindu faces of the Yogis, the same wonderful treatment of movements, and the same love of landscape, were to be seen there. The picture was full of strong Hindu sentiment and was doubtless early Mughal. The second was a similiar being that of a Yogi. The third was Indo-Persian, depicting the love story of Khusru and Shirin. The landscape was purely Persian, the feminine type mainly Hindu. The fourth illustrated the fables of Pilpai, and it combined more direct feeling than was generally to be found in later Mughal art in depicting the animal creation. In animal drawing, the Persians treated them from the human point of view, as creatures meant to be tamed or to be killed; the Hindus on the other hand adopted the animal point of view, the view, *i. e.*, of the animals themselves, as creatures meant to enjoy the light of creation as much as others. In this group, the buffalo, the cobra, the camel with the man above him seemed instinct with life, and with discourse. The Pilpai pictures were strongly reminiscent of the Hindu Hitopadesha in their treatment. The next possessed one remarkable feature which was met with in contemporary European, *e. g*, in Elizabethan painting, the representation of Christian scenes, derived from Mussalman culture, doubtless by the Jesuits and their few converts. The one example reproduced here was that of the descent from the Cross, which showed Italian influence. The next brought out the great future of Mughal art that of portraiture and personal representation. From the Mughal school one might be able to live and move in the mediæval India of two centuries, knowing most of the great men of the times. The portraits of this school were not tainted with the idealism, the mysticism of character so reminiscent of Hindu art. This feature was doubtless derived from the native painters of Samarkand and Bokhara, imported by the original Emperors. The same source showed a great deal also of Chinese as well as of Persian influence. The picture before us, that of Tamerlane, was a very magnificent delineation, and was perhaps the only copy available of a 14th century Turkistan drawing. The next depicted Mulla Dopiyaza, the poet-philosopher of the court of Akbar, and contained a clever representation of his wretched Rozinante, with its trembling legs. The next was a fine example of this series. It represented one of Akbar's court physicians. The thing noticeable was the extraordinary self-restraint of these drawings, the tremendous contrast to be found between the ancient and the modern painters. The latter after a three months' study began to try their novice hands at all

sorts of difficult subjects, endeavouring to run before they were able even to walk. If all that has appeared within the last century were to be destroyed completely, one might doubt whether the country would be much the poorer. The next picture represented a party of Shahjahan and Jahangir, on some Balkhan expedition. The drawing of the elephants was magnificent. The next represented a Persian refugee, Ali Mardan Khan, and his father waiting for the approach of some Raja to receive them. The musicians in the next picture giving full effect to their welcome of the Raja were merely a larger detail from the first picture. The next was another Durbar scene, Shahjahan talking to his sons. Below were the throne paintings the sword and the scales, with the lion and the lamp lying down together —the whole a representation of the justice of the Emperor. The next was remarkable for the great and actual beauty of its colouring and drawing being a contemporary portait. It was a very rare picture—that of Aurangzeb as a young man, aud was rather interesting. The next, a tri-unus one, was a group of three Emperors—of Akbar, Jahangir, and Shahjahan, The next represented some courts of the day. Then came a very fine picture of a Punjabi chief. The next was a signed portrait, the signature appearing in the corner. The next was a fine and dramatic equestrian portrait, the halo about it denoting the horseman to be of royal lineage. The next picture which was perhaps the finest Mughal painting known to the world was that of the Dying Man, to be found in the Bodleian Library. The colour and the mystery, prevailing in the picture, were so very intensely patheitc, yet not in the least sentimental. It had nothing of the cheap sentiment so common in Mughal painting and poetry. The man was obviously dying and knew himself to be so, yet he was obviously not thinking of himself but of others or of something else, his eyes being far fixed in the distance. Next were shown some sketches, similar to the fifteenth century Italian. The next was the traditional flies kenos the Empress Nur Jahan. The next showed a Sikh *guru* and two followers of his. The next picture of the dance of two girls was very exquisite both in composition and in design. The faces were beautiful and of the indigenous type. The finest pictures of this school belonged to the period of Shahjahan when the artistic characterisation of the Mughals reached its zenith. The next picture was that of the Saras, a bird rare as well as difficult to paint. The next was a hunting greyhound, and the next the representation of an old Elephant fight.

The lecturer passed then from the zenith of Mughal painting to the later development of the Mughal art and style. The Hindu type grew on the later pictures, and gradually they lost their distinctive features. The picure represented a group of four girls and was particularly beautiful. The next was an Emperor borne on his State *dais* by men, a form of arrogance more characteristic of times that were not modern. The next was that of a hunting party,returning from the chase, and there was seen seated in the boat upon the lake the aged Mughal Emperor, most probably Aurangzeb, depicted reading the Quran. This closed the Mughal School.

In the nineteenth century, there was nothing worthy of note except the rise within the last ten years of the New School, which consisted of six or eight young men,

founded by Mr. Abanindra Nath Tagores. This School in its techinique and its details, copied the old Agenta, Rajput and Himalayan methods but also showed signs of modern Japanese and European influence. The sentiment, however, was entirely Indian, and completely characteristic of the country. It sought its inspiration in the epics and stories of ancient India. It comprised the domestic and the ritual, and brought the old aspect of mystery. It was unspoilt by other ideals, and had the genuine manner though perhaps it was not so accomplished. The excellence and the power it had attained showed the astonishing way in which it had surmounted the great difficulties that faced it. The first picture was that of Sati by Nanda Lal Bose. The second was that of the Infant Krishna and his mother by Asit Kumar Haldar, and the third that of an Apsara by the same artist, under strong Agenta influence. The fourth was a picture by Mr. Tagore of the Divali, where a single maiden was lighting a lamp. The fifth was that of the banished Yaksha addressing the clouds in the Meghadutta also by Abanindra Tagore. The next was also by the same artist, representing Sita in captivity. Lastly was one of the latest, and most original or Mr. Tagore's pictures. It was the most Indian, and was entirely idealized that of the *devadasi* dancing before Jagannath in the shrine at Puri. The only light that fell upon her figure came from between the two pillars, and her attitude was that of whole souled devotion. The beautiful lotus-petals were, in the ecstasy of the dance, seen falling from her hands, reminding one of what Mr. Tagore described in some such words: 'O Lord of the world! Why hast Thou made us, Thy creatures, so good and so fair one minute, if we too shall whither away in the next like these beautiful white petals of the lotus flower.'

THE CASE OF TOLSTOY

AGAINST SHAKESPEARE—III.

By

V. V. Srinivasan, B.A., B.L.

One more piece of criticism of the story by Tolstoy is that Lear eighty years old could not have carried Cordelia. Tolstoy has evidently overlooked the madness and emotional impule in the king and what is more that Shakespeare has in more than one place during the play referred to Cordelia as being of very slight build. One of the last observations of Tolstoy on the drama is that at his last moments he does not seem to be certain whether Cordelia is dead or living. Tolstoy seems to consider, as altogether absurd that Lear should just before he die ask somebody to undo his buttons and tell every one to look at something. It seems to me that the request as to the undoing of the buttons is a touch of art and highly suggestive of the large soul of Lear breaking its earthly bonds. The call to look at something has reference to Cordelia, whom he fancies as having come back to life just before he himself expires. So far as Lear is concerned, we see him die but happy after all his sufferings.

After describing the Drama, Tolstoy states his conclusion to be that it is far from being the height of perfection, "it is a very bad and carelessly composed production and cannot evoke but aversion and weariness" He then proceeds to state certain laws of dramatic art, such as character, development, of action, historic accuracy, appropriateness of language and so forth and while stating the rules more

or less correctly merely satisfies himself by reporting portions of the story and stating that in all these respects the play in question offends against the rules of art.

Thus in one place Tolstoy says, that Lear has no motive for abdication whereas he has been made to declare that it was his intent to shake all cares and business from his age conferring them on younger strengths, while he preferred unburdened to crawl towards his death. In another place Tolstoy remarks that Lear's relations with his daughters are the same as those of Gloucestor with his sons and instead of seeing in it a consciously conceived novel form of art construction and the beauty of the inter-relation between the main and subordinate actions passes by, merely saying that the relations are arbitrary and unnatural. I really wonder if it is possible to answer such criticism. Elsewhere he says that the dragging by the legs of half-a-dozen corpses in Shakespeare's plays merely tempts him to laugh. That of course depends on the temperament Tolstoy then proceeds to recount the original Lear legend in detail, and while he has a word of praise for every stage of that story he is unqualified in his condemnation of every change made therein by Shakespeare and this, he further proceeds to say is not merely true of Lear but of almost every original story which Shakespeare has taken for the plot of his dramas, of Othello, of Hamlet and so on. As regards the profound utterances and sayings expressed by Shakespeare's characters Tolstoy says they are all of them irrelevant and coarse, and serve only to distract the attention of the reader or the spectator from the contemplation and enjoyment of the act. He then avers that in Shakespeare everything is exaggerated, that he has no perception of arty, that he was not an artist and that his productions are not artistic.

Passing on to speak of Shakespeare as a teacher and philosopher, he states that the whole morality of Shakespeare is faulty to the core and that the ouly fundamental principle he is able to discover in Shakespeare's works is that the end justifies the means. Shakespeare's view of life it seems is vulgar his technical method is defective and faulty and he has no sincerity whatever. Shakespeare's works do not satisfy the demands of all art and their tendency is of the lowest and most immoral. Shakespeare's fame has been facticiously spread and increased by a conspiracy between critics and newspapers and by false hypnotic suggestions. It will perhaps be desirable in this place to state Tolstoy's conclusions as nearly as possible in his own words. He writes "Human life is perfected solely through the development of religous consciousness, the only element which permanently unites men The development of the religious consciousness of men is accomplished through all the sides of a man's spiritual activity. One direction of this activity is art. One section of art, perhaps the most influential is the drama."

So drama should serve the development of religious consiciousness. Shakespeare's dramas are written not merely without any religious but even without any moral intention. Shakespeare's fame and Shakespeare's epidemic has given rise to a host of imitators and thus the drama the most important branch of art has in our time become the trivial and immoral amusement of a trivial flittant crowd. The trivial and immoral works of Shakespeare he concludes, aiming merely at the recreation and amusement of the spectators

cannot possibly represent the teaching of life and that while there is no true religious drama the teaching of life should be sought for in other sources.

True, perhaps true. Herein as we see is the whole fallacy of Talstoy. Taking for granted the first premise of his argument he has built up a whole edifice of wrong reasoning and it is not till we come to the end that we realise exactly the source of the error. Art according to him as expounded in his treatise on 'what is art' must unite men with God and with one another. Conceptions of Beauty and of art for art's sake are to him preposterous. This then is the whole secret of Tolstoy's views. And no wonder he finds that the Shakespearen drama does not directly fulfil this function. I say directly for the reason that I hold with those who think with the Poet that the True, the Beautiful, and the Good are

> Three sisters.
> That dote upon each other, friends to man
> Living together under the same roof
> And never can be sundered without tear.

Volumes might be written on the relationship between these three but it is sufficient for our present purpose to note that confusion of ideas and purpose is alone likely to follow on any attempt to annihilate their individuality. It has often been said that there is often more truth conveyed in and through fiction than through books professedly written for dissemination of truth. So also has it been said that there is more morality in a Fine Art gallery than in a moral class book. For my part I do not believe in the direct inculcation of morality by means of art. Any attempt to prostitute art for purposes of direct moral teaching would be sure to end in missing the one and losing the other. In our days we have seen the effect of the drama known as Dambachari Vilasam a work written with the best of intentions to portray the evil effects of extravagance and vice. To-day the Drama is a by-word for immoral and vicious representations on the stage. In the irony of universal law the opposites often realise themselves. So also is it true the non moral and non religious Drama on the stage might do more to make people think of the problems of life and conduct and serve to purify and exalt their character. After all, roads lead but to Rome and the true, the beautiful and the good are all only calculated for the betterment of man. They all achieve the same reasult, but in different ways. Therefore art far from serving any useful end by seeking to promote religious and moral ideals directly, would only be stultifying itself Let art then be true to herself, then it must follow as might the day that she cannot be false to others. The condemnation of Shakespeare's art therefore by Tolstoy is enterily due to his conception of the nature and function of art. His definition of art no doubt is fairly accurate. "Art" he says is a human activity consisting in this that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs hands on to thers feelings he has lined through and that other people are infected by these feelings and also experienced them. He says in another place that Shakespeare's fame is still maintained owing to Shakespeare's work continuing to correspond to the conception of life of those who support this fame, *i.e.*, according to him of the civilised world.

I have known of few Plaintiffs who have given way their case so hopelessly as Tolstoy has done in this single sentence. According to him his quarrel is with the world as a whole and not with Shakespeare The sentence contains an admission to the effect that Shakespeare is indeed a great artist not only a model according to

his notions of art entertained by all the civilised nations from his days up to the present but also according to their notions of life, morality and even religion. The whole question thus reduces itself to one of words and definitions. For instance if as an ardent Vaishnavite of Southern India I should define a good drama to be only that which represents the greatness and glory of Vaishnavitism you can gainsay me if you please but according to my definition my view will be absolutely correct. And such is the very essence of Tolstoy's views on nearly all subjects. He is a prophet and has something of a fanatic in him. He has only one idea and only one test for everything and his religion and politics, his ethics and social philosophy and his excursions into literature art are all but various and endless applications of that one idea, the idea of unity between man and man and the non-resistance of evil. Every one that fails to agree with him is either a fool or a knave. It is the privilege of a prophet. It is an instance of what Mathew Arnold called Hebraism run mad. It would no doubt be possible to defend Shakespeare's art even favour the point of view of Tolstoy himself. He forgets that unity is not reached in a day and that evil and struggle have to purify the mind in the long and laborious upward march. He has no clear conception of the true function of tragedy especially of such tragedy as Lear which raises so many questions in the mind of the reader or spectators regarding virtue and vice suffering and retribution, true and false happiness, the end of life and the real nature of God's world and law. But that is beside our present purpose.

We have found that Tolstoy has failed to prove his case and that his charge against Shakespeare is unfounded and is entirely due a narrow defective and faulty notion of the function of the Dramatic Art. We have therefore reverting again to the language of Law Courts no option but to dismiss the action. But since we have also found that here has been no malice or dishonesty in the proceedings no relief would seem necessary to be granted to the Defendants. And it is also clear that Shakespeare's reputation is too high and too well established to have suffered any damage whatsoever by this action of Tolstoy against him.

OUR BOUQUET SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The London Times Writes :—

After twenty-two years' intermittent labour, Mr. William Jaggard, of Stratford-upon-Avon, has published at his Shakespeare Head Press (which must not be confused with Mr. A. H. Bullens's Shakespeare Press) his SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY—"a dictionary of every known issue of the writings of our national poet and of recorded opinion thereon in the English language." The price is £3-3s. net (to be advanced soon to £4-4s. net), and the issue is limited to 500 copies. Such a compilation increases one's respect for human perseverance. In his introduction Mr. Jaggard calls such a book "the disire and despair of scholars and collectors"; and gives an account of all the previous efforts to perform the gigantic task which he has just concluded. His book consists of over 700 pages; and contains over 36,000 distinct entries and references. Besides Shakespeare's own works (the separate plays and collected works together occupy some 300 pages), it includes—or aims at including—all comments on Shakespeare, all his sour-

OFFICE 18 AUG 1911 MADRAS.

ces, his autographs, his portraits, his actors, his festivals, his memorials, his publishers—in fact, every book, pamphlet or article that has anything to do with him. It includes, indeed, some that have nothing to do with him—one or two, for instance, of the Malone Society's publications.

It must seem ungracious to pick any holes in so monumental a piece of labour; but we must admit that we have not found the system of arrangement very clear, in spite of ample cross references. The chief difficulty lies in knowing when this or that book will be entered under its author's name, and when under "Shakespeare" with the author's name as a sub-heading. There must, of course, be reason in each case; but three or four hours of study have not revealed it to us, though we have nearly always found that if a book is in one place it is in the other. There are, however, apparent omissions. We cannot find Davies's "Dramatic Miscellanies"; nor Seagar's "Natural History in Shakespeare's Time." It is not a serious affair that there should be no entry of the 1905 enlarged edition of the late Clement Scott's "Some Notable Hamlets"; but the omission of Mr. Walkely's "Drama and Life" is on another level. It can hardly be the date of publication that has prevented any mention of the chapters on Shakespeare by Mr. Saintsbury, Mr Moorman, Mr. Walder (who, by the way, appears on page 677 as, Walden"), and Mr. J. G. Robertson in the fifth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature." Certain essays in periodicals, too, have escaped Mr. Jaggard's eye, among them Mr. William Archer's paper on "The Elizabethan Stage" in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1908, and important papers in American publications, like Mr. de Wolf Fuller's article on *Romeo en Juliette* in *Modern Philology*, and some of Dr. C. W. Wallace's contributions to the University of Nebraska *Studies*. Nevertheless, it is hard to over-estimate the value of Mr. Jaggard's work as a bibliography, while as a book of reference for opinions on Shakespeare, and a guide to Shakespeare literature, it will prove extremely useful. As a book to dip into for passing entertainment, moreover, it has obvious merits. Mr. Jaggard's quotations and comments make it far from dull reading; there is interest or humour to be found in some of the baldest entries, and portraits of ancient and modern Shakespearian scholars and others add to its appeal.

THEATRES IN THE EAST.

MR. BANDMANN'S ENTERPRISE.

That the British Drama is spreading far and wide is shown by the fact that at the present moment theatrical impresarii from all parts of the world—America, Australia, South Africa, and the Continent of Europe are now in London fixing up play-purchases, Companies, etc. One of the busiest of these Managers from Overseas is assuredly Mr. Maurice Bandmann, who from now till October, will be engaged in making his "hold the Gorgeous East in fee"—of course, in a dramatic and not in a Wordsworthy sense. Bandmann outlined sundry plans of this kind to a *Referee* representative, illustrating his remarks by the display of many beautiful photographs of his theatres in Calcutta, Bombay, and "round about that quarter," as the song says.

"My partner, Mr. Stephen, a rich Armenian, and I," said Mr. Bandmann, "own two big theatres—the Empire, Calcutta; and the Theatre Royal, Calcutta.

What do these houses hold? Say between £.350 and £.400. And we do a roaring trade.

" In the Bombay enterprises my partner is Mr. Karaka, a wealthy and distingusihed Parsee.

" Our new Bombay theatre will be called the Royal Opera House. Here are photos which I receive monthly while I am away, showing the progress of the new house. By this last photo you will see that the roof is now on. Date of opening? Sometime in July.

" My new Bombay theatre will cost Rs. 5 lakhs—about £.33,000. It will be a replica of the Calcutta Empire—boxes round the circle, all stalls, no pit and so on. It will seat about 1,500.

" I had great opposition in Bombay from the well off native and other Theatrical Managers before I could get a suitable site. The Government kindly lent me a temporary pitch near the Government Buildings. So to go on with, I put up a £.2,000 corrugated iron playhouse called the Bandmann.

" All the best people have supported us, the new Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, is a regular Patron of our Calcutta theatre.

" My companies—especially for musical comedy, which is the chief fare—are always between fifty and sixty strong. We had sixty in *The Chocolate Soldire*, which is a tremendous success. My other musical plays at present are *peggy*, *Our Miss Gibbs*, *The Arcadians*, *The Quaker Girl*, *The Dollar Princess*, *The Balkan Princess* and *The Merry Widow*. In fact, I have the Eastern rights of all the musical comedies produced by Mr. George Edwards and the Gaiety Company Limited, Mr. Robert Courtneidge, and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

" When did I start in these enterprises? Well, my first proper start was in the Mediterranean, about sixteen years ago. After that I toured Companies all round South America, right away to Panama—an absolute record.

" My Company and I were in Columbia during the Revolution, and we were escorted by a contingent of United States soldires and marines, with a maxim carriage in front of us. It was a most exciting time.

" Next we went to the West Indies; then to Newfoundland, and into the heart of Canada.

" In due course I reached India. That was in 1900. Soon afterwards Queen Victoria died. So we had bad luck in that country. Still, I was not without hope. I made another start out there in 1905.

" Since then I have stuck to India and the Far East. You can tell how comprehensive the Bandmann Circuit is when I tell you that it takes in Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, India, Burma, the Malay States, the Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Java and the Philippine Islands. Just before you entered I received a cable giving me good hope of penetrating to Siam, where no English Theatrical Company has ever been admitted.

" The present King of Siam is an old Patron of my Companies. He frequently visited my shows when he was a middy with the Mediterranean Fleet.

How do I find the Indian audiences? Excellent. They roll up in shoals for anything good.

We have educated the native into play going. They have become especially fond of Shakespeare. In Calcutta and in Bombay they will pay anything for seats sometimes Rs. 50 (about £3 6*s.* 8*d*).

We are going to give the Indian and

other natives a lot of Shakespeare presently. Mr. Matheson Lang and his wife, Miss Hutin Britton, and a company of twenty-five will open with me in Calcutta next year. Subsequently I take that Company to China. I pick them up at Durban when they finish their South African tour. The Great Raymond also joins me for the East.

Also I have just arranged with Mr. Urban for the Kinemacolor process to be worked by me in the East. I shall send over all the wonderful plant necessary.

I have also a Bandmann Comedy Company. It starts again in July. My Opera Company goes from Tokio to Kobe, and then to Shanghai, and later to the ancient city of Tientsin. Then back again to Shanghai, then off to Hongkong and the Philippines.

Yes; I propose to build other new theatres. We want a circuit of theatres from Bombay to Yokohama.

Did I find variety business go intheEast? No; very seldom. They don't seem to care for variety out there, except, as you suggest, in the shape of musical plays. They prefer solid, complete pieces. Yes; undoubtedly musical comedy is the draw.

" The best native playgoers in Bombay are the Parsees, especially if you put up Shakespeare.

Yes; I am expecting a big year on account of the coming Durbar. I shall have several Companies in Calcutta and Bombay when the King goes there in December.

We are all expecting a grand time then out there. The King's visit to India will do boundless good—a good incalculable to those who have no experience in the East. "

THE FINE ARTS OF INDIA.

The following is from a recent lecture of Mr. E. B. Havell, at the *India Society* in England :

I will now pass on to discuss that branch of the Society's work with which I am more directly concerned—Indian art, by which I must hasten to explain I mean both fine art and decorative art. Here at least the Society has the field to itself. In fact the formation of the Society is to a great extent a protest against the opinions regarding Indian art commonly held in this country, which have unfortunately, ruled the whole administration of India in art matters, (in so far as India can be said to have any administration in such) and the entire management of our National Museums. These opinions may be briefly formulated in this way :—The Indian people, it is said, have from a remote antiquity shown a wonderful genius for decorative craftsmanship, and, under the instruction of their Mussulman conquerers, a great capacity for building which, however, is of such a specialised character that Anglo-Indian builders can make no use of it. In the fine arts, on the other hand, they have (according to this theory) shown an extraordinary lack of capacity. Neither in sculpture nor in painting have they achieved anything really great. For a brief period, in the early centuries of the Christian era, the inspiration of Greece created a school of sculpture in India which is interesting as evidence of the civilising influence of the West ; but when that influence waned and Indian art became " Puranic," it became as regards the higher development of sculpture and painting beneath the notice of European artists.

Sir George Birdwood, who is the chief exponent of this dogma, has declared

that "to this day if it only in the pictorial and architectural arts of the Muslims of India that we find any trace of a freely and fully evolved and spontaneous and self-contained "fine art." His prescription for the creation or restoration of fine art in India is to teach Hindus to study nature as the Greeks did. When we have succeeded in bringing some of the true Hellenic ideal into our own Universities and national life we may begin to perceive that the Hindus have always been the most profound students and lovers of nature, and to realise how profoundly the school of criticism which Sir George Birdwood represents has misunderstood and misrepreseted Hindu art. An example of the shallow cirticism of Indian art which this Society has to combat is found in last month's *Studio* by a writer from whom more knowledge and wisdom might have been expected. Mr. M. H. Spielmann. His advice to Indian students is the same as that which we have been preaching in Anglo-Indian Schools of Art for the last fifty years with the most disastrous results—namely, to regard Indian art as dead and buried, and to come to Europe to study nature and to learn "true principles," the laws of optics, of perspective and anatomy which he says have never been understood in the East.

INDIAN ART MISCONCEIVED.

This is an entirely false conception of Indian art. Indian artists have been as profound and loving students of nature as any artists in the West, now or in former times. They have understood anatomy (*artistic* anatomy) and perspective (*artistic* perspective) perhaps more thoroughly than any academic professors of the present day. But I do not propose to go into this controversial subject to-night. I would only say that one of the objects of the India Society is to afford art critics opportunities of knowing their Indian art better, and I hope before long we may see Mr. Spielmann with others upon the Society's penitent form.

The misconceptions of Indian art, which are perhaps more prevalent among British artists and critics than any others, have naturally let to false methods of education in India. This is a matter on which I feel very strongly, for the injury we do to Indian art by our educational system is very cruel, and I hope it will engage the serious attention of our Executive Committee before long. But instead of dwelling upon the long and melancholy chapter of our art administration in India, I wish to show you tonight some of the beautiful and memorable things which India has produced under the sway of her own national traditions, things which are not to be found in any of our National Museums, for they nearly all belong to what critics have led us to believe are the dark ages of Indian art, when there were no Greeks in India to teach anatomy and no Moguls to teach the art of building. I only wish we had as much light in our own art to-day as India had in those dark ages.

It is unnecessary to say that the Society does not consider the showing of lantern slides or the publication of reproductions sufficient to compensate the British public for the extraordinarily inadequate presentation of Indian art given by our National Museums. I believe the Society will before long make representations on this subject to the proper authorities, and, as our programme states, we hope very soon to make an annual exhibition of Indian art, ancient and modern, a permanent institution in London. But at present we are doing pioneer work, under all the difficulties usually attaching to such work,

and much of our justification before the outside public will have to be left till our plans are more advanced and our resources more abundant.

Mr. Havell having thus concluded the first part of his lecture, proceeded to throw on the sheet some beautiful reproductions of Indian sculpture, taken for the most part from the cave temples in different parts of India, from Java and from Ceylon in which countries, he said, some of the finest specimens of true Indian art were to be found. The examples shown illustrated the period from about the seventh to the thirteenth centuries A. D. The existence of these great works, said the lerturer, was the justification for their own existence as a Society.

THE ART OF INDIAN MUSIC.

Proceeding with the second part of his lecture, Mr. Havell said ; " I have left little time to deal with another branch of Indian art, namely music not because I regard it as a less important branch of Indian culture than the others, but because I feel that I am less qualified to deal with it. We have, however, in Miss Maud MacCarthy a musician of the first rank in Europe who has thrown herself into the study of Indian Music with great devotion and enthusiasm. Those members of the Society who have had the good fortune of hearing Miss MacCarthy singing Indian songs will know what a wonderful genius she has for interpreting Indian musical ideals.

Indian music has suffered even more than the branches of the fine arts from the social disrepute into which it has fallen in India itself. I will make use of a few notes which Miss MacCarthy has given me to explain what the India Society can do to help Indian music. In India it will be the endeavour to restore the ancient Indian ideal, still practised by a few, of the association of religion and music, and thus to make musician honourable profession in modern India. To aid the crafts connected with the production of musical instruments, to counteract the evils of Western trade (pianos, harmoniums, brass bands, gramophones, vandeville songs, etc.,) all over India by pointing out the beauty and often the superiority of Indian instruments and Indian vocal methods. To combat the unnecessary and pernicious hair splitting over *ragas* and technical traditions in which many Indian musicians are apt to indulge, forgetting that, when this kind of thing begins in art, beauty flies out of the door. To stimulate existing creative genius along its own natural and spontaneous lines, the only way to get back to the bed-rock of national tradition. In this last connection the sympathetic presentation of some western true art ideals will be stimulative. Of these, co-operative music, modally harmonious music, (very delicately adopted to the *ragas*, so as not to interfere with their characteristics) and some ideas of formal development may prove of great value.

In Europe we need expert translations of the ancient Sanskrit treatises, which can only be given by the co-operation of Sanskrit with thorough musical scholars, European and Indian. We also need some Indian instruments in our orchestras and a general diffusion of Indian musical conceptions.

MISS MAUD MACCARTHY'S FORTHCOMING WORKS.

The Socitey hopes to publish this year, the very important book on Indian music which Miss MacCarthy is now writing. It is, I believe, likely to make a profound impression on the musical world in

Europe, and to promote a better appreciation of the subject in Anglo-Indian and Indian Society. Already there are very significant things of the influence which India is likely to have in the future on European music. One of the best known of English Professors, Dr. Yorke Trotter, Principal of the London Academy of Music, has lately been using illustrations of Indian music in his lectures to pupils of the Academy and the great French composer, De Bussy, has, Miss MacCarthy tells me, consciously or unconsciouly founded many of his *motifs* on the classical *ragas* of Southern India.

I must refer those who wish to pursue the subject of Indian music further to Miss MacCarthy's articles which will appear shortly in the *Modern Review* of Calcutta, a very excellent magazine which I would recommend to all members of the Society who wish to follow more closely the development of Indian thought in literature, art and music. Miss MacCarthy believes that the Indian musical ideal will be the salvation of modern European music. The Indian musical ideal is the ideal of all Indian art, which when it emerges from the obscurantism in which it has been hidden for many generations will both in India and in Europe become again a great stimulating force in all forms of art. I look forward to the time when instead of sending out to India English professors to smother Indian art with the pseudo-classicalism of Europeans academic teaching we shall recognise in Indian idealism the great spiritual force which we ourselves need to restore art in Europe to its proper place in the national life.

This then, is the object of the India Society—to prove that in art at least, there is common ground on which East and West can meet together in perfect harmony; and if in art, then in everything that is good, for all good, things in life are contained in art."

RAGAS IN HINDU MUSIC.

A Lecture by Srimathi Sathyabala Devi in America.

Raga or mode according to Hindus, signifies a passion or affection of the mind; each mode being intended according to Bharat's definition of it to move one or other of our simple or mixed affections and we learn accordingly from the Great Ancient Musician and scholar Narayan that in the days of Krishna there were 16,000 modes.

Ignorant missionaries who cannot penetrate through the mysteries of our esoteric phraseology say, Krishna had 1,600 wives. Raginis are called Gopis in Sanskrit.

The very learned musical composer and author Coma who mixes no mythology with his accurate system of Ragas enumerates 960 possible variations by the means of temperament, but selects from them as applicable to practical 23 primary modes, from which he deduces many others though he allows that by a diversity of ornament and by various contrivances. Ragas might like the waves of the sea, be multiplied to an indefinite number.

Eighty-four modes or manners might naturally be formed by giving the lead to each of our 12 sounds and varying in 7 different ways the position of the semitones, but since many of those modes would be insufferable in practice and some would have no character sufficiently marked, we Hindus have retained with predilection the number indicated by nature and to have enforced our system by two powerful aids, the association of ideas and mutilation of the regular scales.

It had occurred to Hindu musicians that the velocity or slowness of sound depends in a certain ratio upon the rarefaction and condensation of the air so that their motion must be quicker in summer than in spring or in autumn and much quicker than in winter and hence primary modes in the system ascribed to *Pavan* were arranged according to the number of the seasons of India. The year is distributed by the Hindus into six ritus or seasons, each consisting of 2 months, and the 1st season according to Amarkosh began with Marga Shirsa near the time of the winter solstice to which month accordingly we see Krishna compared in the Gita, but the old Lunar year began with Aswina or near the autumnal equinox when the moon was at the full in the first mansion, hence the musical season which takes the lead includes the months of Aswin and Kartic and bears the name of Sarad corresponding with part of the Europen autumn.

The next in order are Hemanta and Shishira derived from the words which signify frost and dew; then come Vasanta and spring called also Surabhi or fragrant, and Pushpa Samaya or the flower time.

Grishma or heat and Versha or season of rain. By appropriating a different mode to each of the different seasons, the artists of India connected certain strains with certain ideas and were able to recall the memory of antumnal merriment at the close of the harvest or separation and melancholy during the cold months, of reviving hilarity on the appearance of blossoms and complete vernal delight in the month of Madhu or honey. Of languor during the dry heats and of refreshments by the first rain. Yet further since the human year by which festivals and religious duties are constantly regulated proceeds concurrently with the Solar year, to which the seasons are necessarily referred. Devotion also comes to the aid of music, and all the powers of nature which are allegorically worshipped as gods and godesses on their several holidays contribute to the influence of song on the minds naturally susceptible of religious emotions. Hence *Pavan* the inventor of the system of music, which goes by his name, reduced the number of original modes from 7 to 6, but even this was not enough for his purpose, and he had recourse to the five principal division of the day, which are the morning, noon and evening called Tri-Sandhya, with the two intervals between them or the forenoon and afternoon by adding 2 divisions or intervals of the night, and by leaving one species of melody without any such restriction Soma reckons 8 variations in respect of time, and the system of *Pavan* retains that number also in the second order of derivative modes.

Every branch of knowledge in India has been embellished by poetical fables and the inventive talents of the Greeks never suggested a more charming allegory than the lovely families of the six Ragas named in the order of seasons above enumerated, Bhairav, Malava Shri-rag, Hindola or Vasanta, Dipuck, and Megha, each of whom is a genius or intelligence or a demi-god, wedded to five Raginis or nymphs and the father of 8 little gemi, called his Putras or sons.

Fancy of Shakespeare and the Pencil of Albano might have been finely employed in giving speech and form to this assemblage of new aerial beings who peopled the fairy land of Indian migration, nor have the Hindu poets and painters lost the advantages which so beautiful a subject presented them.

A whole chapter of the great author *Narayan* contains descriptions of the Ragas and their consorts extracted chiefly from *Damodar*, *Calancura* the *Retnamala* the *Chandrika* and the metrical text on music ascribed to the god Narad himself from which among so many beauties a particular selection, would be very perplexing, I present you with the first that occurs, and have no doubt that you will think the Sanskrit language equal to the Italian in softness and elegance.

Lila Viharena Vanantarale.
Chinvan Pras unam Vadhu Sahaya.
Vilasi Vesodita Divya Murtih.
Sri raga esha prat hitah Prathiviyam.

"The demi-god Shriraga, famed all over this earth sweetly sports with his gathering fresh blossoms in the nymphs bosom of yon grove, and his divine lineaments are distinguished through his graceful vesture."

These and similar images but wonderfully diversified are expressed in a variety of measures and represented by delicate pencils in the Rag-malas.

In the composition of Raga the note called Graha is placed at the beginning and that named Nyasa at the end of a song. That note which displays the peculiar melody and to which all the others are subordinate, that which is always of the greatest use is like a sovereign though a mere Ansa or portion.

By the word Vaddi is meant a note which announces and ascertains the Rag, and which may be considered as the parent and origin of the Graha and Nyasa. This clearly shows, that the Ansa must be the tonic and we shall find that the two other notes are generally its third and fifth or the mediant and dominant.

In the poem entitled Megha there is a musical simile which may illustrate and confirm our idea.

"From the greatness, from the transcended qualities of that hero eager for conquest other king's march in subordination to him as other notes are subordinate to the Ansa."

If the Ansa be the tonic or model note of the Hindus we may confidently exhibit the scales of the Hindoo modes according to Sôma.

No musical education in European music either at an American or European University could be complete, unless Hindu music is taught as a foundation. European Universities know absolutely nothing about the history of music. The music of Egypt and Greece was derived from the music of Hindustan. The music of Egypt, Greece and Rome is dead; that of Hindustan from which the music of Egypt and Greece were derived,—(music of Hindustan being the oldest) is still capable of revival. Hindu is the mother of the music of the world.

In the music of India, you will find that refinement and completeness of a fine art, that if not for its intrinsic value to the taste of European ears at least for its antiquity, will command respect from any student and scholar of music, worth the name.

THE MEMBERS OF A GREAT ACTRESS.

The following incidents in the career of the eminent actress Madame Modjeska who passed away two years ago are taken from the *Memories and Impressions* of the lady issued recently by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Puzzling the Public.

Concerning her appearance as Adrienne Lecouvreur in New York, Mme. Modjeska tells an amusing story. Her son Ralph was then sixteen years of age, and the actress's how his mother was. It happened once that the two versions were brought into contact, and the lad had to confess; whereupon the believer in the sister theory exclaimed: "Nonsense! She does not look more than twenty-six. "That is so," answered the boy; "I am just ten years younger than my mother!"

The Tragedy of the Canary.

On another occasion, when Mme. Modjeska was playing in "Camille," a cage with a live canary was hung up on the stage in order to lend a realistic touch to the scenery. Presently the bird started on a song so shrill and loud that Modjeska fearing that the noise might interfere with the play took down the cage and put it out of the stage window. She saw some one standing there, and naturally thought that the cage would be taken from her and carried back to the property room. But the person, for some unknown reason, stepped back, and the cage fell into the floor with a loud crash. Next morning Modjeska received a letter from the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in which, she was accused of having deliberately murdered an innocent bird, for which crime she must, according to the statutes of the society, be fined, etc. She had to prove that the bird was uninjured before she was left in peace.

It was when she came to London that Mme. Modjeska met again Jean de Reszke, the famous singer and friend of her youth. "A peculiar thing," she says, "in his career was that he began as a baritone. Once, during a performance, he drank a glass of iced water and lost his voice. It was, as he thought, a paralysis of the vocal cords. A short time afterwards, however, he recovered from the shock, and his voice was stronger and better than ever, but it changed to a tenor —or rather, it was decided by one of the great singing teachers that his voice was never a baritone, but a tenor."

Circumventing the Censor.

A curious sidelight is thrown on the manner in which the Censor of Plays does his work by a story which Mme. Modjeska tells in connection with her London *debut* in "Heartsease," which was really a version of "Camille." The Censor refused to permit the production of the latter. Therefore they hit upon the idea of changing the title to "Heartsease," striking out some of the most objectionable feature. And in this guise the play was passed immediately by the Censor.

The sequel was very curious. For one of the first persons to note the "smuggling" was the late King Edward, who, says Mme. Modjeska, "came to my dressing-room with Count Jaraczewski, whom the Prince called by the pet name of 'Sherry Whisky.' Speaking of the play, in which he had at once recognized 'La Dame Aux Camelias,' the Prince wondered that it had passed the censorship, while Sarah Bernhardt was refused permission to play it. 'I must look to it,' he said."

"What is it?"

An amusing recollection of her first appearance in England is contained in a letter written to her mother at the time.

"You would laugh to see my advertisements, °" she wrote. "Nothing but 'Modjeska,' in letters 3 ft. long. We often stand near by to listen to the re-

marks of the passers-by. Some of them, having read the name, ask each other, 'What is it? Is it alive?' Others remark to their friends that it surely must be some tooth-powder, or some sanitary cereal, or a medicine for rheumatism. My name is less known here than that of the ruler of the smallest of the Fiji Islands."

A remarkable fact concerning Mme. Modjeska is that at the very outset of her career she was told that she did not possess a trace of talent. And it was only after the success of a charity performance that she and her friends formed themselves into a kind of co-operative touring company. Then after varied experiences came an engagement at the Cracow Theatre—and in due course a well-deserved international fame. At one time, however, Mme. Modjeska was playing all sorts of parts for less than £4 a month, and it was some time before she was receiving that amount per week.

Real talent, like murder, will out, however, and Mme. Modjeska, by acquiring all possible knowledge from every available source, laid the foundation to her fame in two hemispheres. Her wonderful memory, by the way had not a little to do with her ultimate success. Here is a story which illustrates her remarkable power in this direction.

A Memory Feat.

Her husband, who was the editor of a newspaper in Cracow, came home one day complaining that he could not find a stenographer to make a report of a lecture on "Spectrum Analysis," to be given in Cracow by a prominent scientist and philosopher. Without saying anything to her husband, Mme. Modjeska went to the lecture, returned home, and, to quote her own words, "sat down and wrote a *resume* of the lecture rapidly with my brain on fire, though perfectly lucid. The whole of it, with all the strange terms and foreign words, came to me as vividly as if it had been written for me in the air. Mr. S——'s report and mine were compared, and mine was used with Mr. S——'s introduction."

"Queen of dramatic art; an exquisite friend, and a sincere colleague." It was in these terms that an orator referred to Mme. Modjeska on the occasion of her funeral, and the career and character of the great actress, as revealed in the "Memories and Impression".

THE SUGUNA VILASA SABHA IN COLOMBO.

One of the most noteworthy incidents in the recent annals of the *Suguna Vilasa Sabha* is its successful trip to Colombo in the month of June. The Sabha had occasionally given performances outside the city, but a peculiar importance attached itself to this; as it was the first time an attempt was made to carry the work of the Sabha beyond India. Nearly forty members formed the group and they were all glad to give themselves the opportunities of a sea-voyage and sight—seeing in Ceylon, under the auspices of an institution to which they had already owed so much of pleasure and entertainment.

The Egmore station presented a lively appearance on the morning of the 7th June, that was the day of departure, and the members took leave of their friends to begin their long journey to the South. Reserved carriages and conveniences on the way provided by the kindness of friends rendered the company cheerful and a pleasant time it was that was spent on the journey. Tuticorin was

reached, there was the night's vogage with all its terrors of sea-sickness and the island of pearl and palm broke on our sight in all its beauty on the 9th June.

Hospitality and kindness was displayed on all sides and the Tamils of Ceylon did all in their power to make our stay pleasant and showed an amount of goodness which we can never hope to repay. A series of performances were given in the Public Hall which boasts of all modern equipments and a beautiful situation. *Lilavati and Sulochana*, *Manohara*, *Amaladitya*, *Galava*, *Sarangadhara* and the *Eye of Love* were staged before crowded and enthusiastic audiences with remarkable success. The most distinguished men of Ceylon honoured the Sabha with their presence and patronage, among them, Sir Henry Macullum, the Governor, Sir Solomon Bandarnaika Maha Mudaliar, the Hon. Mr. Arunachalam and the Hon. Mr. Kanakasabhai. Among those who attended the plays with interest were Sir Hughgh and Lady Clifford, Sir Alan Perry and the Hon. Mr. Ramanadhan.

The Suguna Vilasa Sabha entertained the public of Colombo one evening and was the recipient of similar hospitality from the Tamil Union of the city who also gave the institution a costly souvenir in the form of a finely-wrought cup. *The Anti-Tubercolosis Fund* and the *Tamil Union* were helped by the Sabha, by their receipt of the proceeds of *Eye of Love*.

The members had a very delightful time in the city, as it afforded sights of extraordinary interest and beauty and had an enjoyable climate after the monsoon. Kandy and Anuradhapura were visited by some of the members and with great regret the journey back had to be commenced on the 23rd, after viewing the grand coronation ceremonies of the previous day. It is no exaggeration to say that the members will for a long time cherish the trip to Colombo as one of their most pleasant recollections in life.

FAREWELL TO CEYLON.

[*By Vivius.*]

Fair isle ! Farewell !
Thou brilliant jewel set in seas that bear
The dear name of my motherland ! Farewell !
To the surging surf that washes round thy shores
And still reminds the pilgrim from the East
The rushing tourist from the West, of that
Eternal care which watches round thy being
With heaving heart and foaming mouth and all
The might and majesty of the great unseen !
Farewell, thy harbours where thy open arms
Embrace with tender love and tropic warmth
The floating critics tossed from foreign shores
And weary wandering on the pathless ocean,

E'er giving in grateful turn with outstretched hands
Their rich and laden holds of myriad wealth
And with delighted hearts accepting still
From royal hands meet gifts still burdensome !
Thy cities shining in thy crystal dome
Like sparkling diamonds set in emerald green !
Farewell thy hills and valleys clad with trees
That heavenwards lift up their lofty heads
And with redundant life e'er seem to grow
To higher hights with increasing zeal and hope
And looking on the little gazer down
But still with gentle smile and beckoning hands !
Thy forests rank with wild luxuriance
And tangled bush and creeper walling up
The life within, the roaming elephant,
The spotted cheetah with its fearful eyes
And other myriad beasts and little birds
In rainbow colours talking, singing e'er.
Farewell ! And farewell too the monuments
That everywhere attest thy ancient worth
And speak to the seeing man the tale of yore
And lift the curtain dark of time and show
The acts and scenes of bygone ages far
Now peopling fresh the ruins of the past
The palaces nine stories high, the forts,
The temples set with gems and ivory
And cities shining in silver and in gold
And spots of earth so sacred to the race
For faith as founded first or new redeemed,
For sacrifice of sacred human blood
Red, rich and flowing warm to mother earth,
To save the home or guard the father's creed,
And *dagobas* reared slow by little hands
With sweating strenuous faith through endless years
Like hills majestic scorning time and man.
And all the panoramic procession
Of history from e'en before her birth

Of battles bought and won, of hopes forlorn,
Of great empires and heroes, lines of kings
Of saints and sacred monks that filled thee once
Of peoples white and brown with conquering sword
Or drawn by commerce fair to treat with thee
Of man's great struggle through the ages long
For power and peace and faith, the goal divine ;
To these, all these, thou fairest isle ! Farewell !
Farewell thy royal streets with throngs of men
From all the lands and speaking all the tongues,
And clad in all the fashions of this earth :
The rickshaws, rushing trains and creaking trams,
The trudging carts and lo ! the shooting motor
And the driving monster with his thrust-out eyes
Reckless to life or man or beast or fowl
A trail of evil smoke and clouds of dust
Like elsewhere marking long the conquering course
And then the pleasure of gardens, palaces
And all the wares and wealth of all the earth :
The landscape, picture-like, one stretch of green
From end to end, the hill, the lake, the stream
The silent glow of sunlight and yet again
The deep-blue sea or else the myriad lights
That in the still waters of thy beautiful harbours
Reflected nightly like the fairy lights
Of a floating town. Farewell ! A long farewell !
No, not to these alone, but more than all,
To those that grasped my hand with hearty grip
And warmest welcome on that rainy morn :
To those that looked with glad and loving eyes :
To those, the great, who spoke, whose word was praise
And those who praised whose praise was love :
To those that still with concern and with care
With willing joyful hearts uncalled did serve
And gave with profuse hand unstinting all :
To him that sage-like who spoke of god and man
And all his faith and hope, his struggles past,

His work that waits and visions so sublime
Now kindling with a burning fire and then
With chilling words of wisdom spelling true :
To her, that soul with dreamy divine eyes
Still looking from far perchance for what is not
In all that is, that angel pure and noble
Still living, loving death in life, a charm
To cure the selfish and a quiet rebuke
To all her kind ; a message in her life
To all that seek but find not the immortal
In love and life ; and whom to meet and hear
Is greater culture than the schools can give !
Farewell with aching heart and tearful eyes,
Farewell my sister land thou beautious isle !
Ceylon ! thou home of hospitality !
My wonder when I was but still a child
And heard the piteous tale of Sita's Lord !
My dream when later I was young, and read
With dripping tears that tale anew ! and now
In manhood's state my hope for all that's great
In the future of my own, my motherland !
Great, great's your destiny ; I see the dawn :
May all your children love thee well and serve
With single heart, thy good and theirs and ours
Farewell ! Thou Queen of Southern seas ! Farewell !

DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE SUGUNA VILASA SABHA.

The Sabha will stage *Lilavati Sulochana* in Tamil on the evening of the 29th July.

Among the coming Telugu performances are *Nandanar*, a new play by Mr. V. Venkatachela Aiyar and *Varudhini*.

Professor K. B. Ramanadhan will lecture on *Tolstoy on Art* to the members of the *Suguna Vilasa Sabha* in August.

The Suguna Vilasa Sabha staged a few scenes on the occasion of the recent public entertainment given to Mr. Ghokale in Madras.

The Editors regret the delay in issuing the June and July numbers of the *Indian Stage*.